

Children's Department.

THE BEST WAY.

If I make a face at Billy,
He will make a face at me;
That makes two ugly faces,
And a quarrel, don't you see?
And then I double up my fist
And hit him, and he'll pay
Me back by giving me a kick,
Unless I run away.

But if I smile at Billy,
'Tis sure to make him laugh;
You'd say, if you could see him,
'Twas jollier by half
Than kicks and ugly faces.
I tell you all the while,
It's pleasanter for any boy
(Or girl) to laugh and smile.

—*Religious Herald.*

From Berlin, Pa.

As there are no letters in the EVANGELIST from Berlin, I will try to write one, this beautiful spring day. This morning after Sunday-school we took a morning drive. We had no preaching services as brother J. H. Knepper, our pastor, went to fill one of his country appointments. We have no K. C. Society, but we smaller children assist in rendering the program of the S. S. C. E., by songs, recitations, etc.

I am no member of the infant class, but I enjoy reading the small papers, especially the original stories by Emma B. Gnagey.

Yesterday we witnessed a balloon ascension by Prof. S. Z. Beam, a noted aeronaut, of Somerset county. He ascended over a mile in the air and then cut the parachute loose from the balloon. Beam and the parachute came down safe, but the balloon ascended a small distance farther until the sand bags turned it, and then came down in the banker's yard.

EARL B. MUSSER.

[You have written an excellent letter, Earl. The Editor is well acquainted with your papa and mamma. When your mamma was a girl she went to school to the Editor, and he is pleased to learn that she has such a bright boy growing up. The church needs the boys and girls, and they should try to be as useful as possible. God wants us to work for him. How nice it is to be a good Christian. Are you not glad and thankful that your papa and mamma are Christians, giving you a pleasant home and surroundings? By the way, do you not have a sister old enough to write a short letter for the paper? Tell your mamma to write one for the "Home Circle" in the EVANGELIST, or for the Children's Department. Don't you think she could give the boys and girls some good advice?

Of course she could. She gives you good instruction, we know. Well, you follow papa and mamma's instructions and you will grow up to be a good and useful man. Write again.—ED.]

From Benton, Iowa.

This is my first letter for the EVANGELIST. I am seven years old and go to school every day and read in the second reader. My papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. We just moved from Dallas Co., to our new home here in Ringgold Co. We like our new home but I miss my little playmate in Dallas Co.

ETHEL EMMERT.

From Harrisburg, Va.

I will now write my first letter to the EVANGELIST. I am seven years old. I went to school last winter. I live close to my grandpa Halls. I go to see them often. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. Our superintendents are uncle Joseph Hall, Mr. Lisky and Mr. Bolton. My teacher is aunt Lucy Hall. I like to go to Sunday-school and learn about Jesus. We have a chart which is explained after each lesson. We also have cards with the lesson on. Our pastors name is Brother Copp. I think he is a good preacher. I will close by asking a question. How long did Jesus hang on the cross?

LURTIE F. LANDIS.

From Ankneytown, O.

As I have not seen a letter from this place for a good while, I will try to write one. I like to read the letters from the children. We are going to have Children's Day services here on the last Sunday in May. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. We have preaching every two weeks. Brother Grisso is our pastor, and we like him very well. I will answer Florence Kleppinger's question. Noah was 950 years old when he died. I will close by asking a question. How long did Noah live after the flood?

VERDA LEEDY.

From Waterloo, Ia.

I thought I would write a letter to the EVANGELIST. This is my first one. I go to church and Sunday-school, and also to King's Children meeting. We have not had a very large crowd on account of the revival meetings in Waterloo. There were about a thousand converted. I go to school. We have only twelve scholars. Miss Grace McStay is our teacher. I will try to answer Lizzie Spicer's question. I think the oldest man was Methuselah.

FLOYD S. WHIPKEY.

WILLIE'S LESSON IN POLITENESS.

"I was so ashamed, Willie, when I had to remind you to thank Mrs. Foster for the book she sent you Christmas," said a lady to her little son just after a visitor had taken her leave.

"Why, mamma," was his reply, "you always said you wanted me to be honest and truthful. I don't like the book at all. It is too babyish for me."

"I do want you to be honest and truthful," said his mother, "but you can be so without being rude. Mrs. Foster hasn't any boys, and perhaps she doesn't know very well the kind of reading a boy likes; but the book is bound very prettily, and it certainly was kind of her to think of you and send you a present. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, mamma," said Willie.

"Well, then, don't you see how you could honestly feel grateful to her for the gift just because it showed her kind feeling toward you, even though you don't care for the gift itself?"

"I see now," said Willie. "If I had thought of that, I would have thanked her as soon as I had a chance. But I didn't know how I could be polite and honest too."

"I am glad you are trying to be truthful," said his mother, "but you must remember that although God says lying lips are an abomination to Him, He also tells us to 'be courteous' and to 'be kind one to another,' 'speaking the truth in love.'"

"There is a little rhyme I would like to have you learn, for it is a very good definition of true politeness:

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

POWER OF A KIND WORD.

Many a year ago a poor German immigrant woman sat with her children in the waiting room of an Eastern station. A lady passing to a train, struck by her look of misery, stopped a moment to speak with her; the story was soon told. Her husband had been buried at sea. She was going to Iowa, and "it was hard to enter a strange world alone with her babies." The stranger had but one instant. She pressed a little money into the poor creature's hand, and said: "Alone! Why, Jesus is with you! He will never leave you alone!" The woman said: "Those words gave me courage for all my life."

—The output of books in Great Britain is as follows:—Sermons, one volume a day; novels, five volumes a day; educational, books, two a day; art and science, two each every week; histories or biographies, six a week; and law, one every two weeks.